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The Critic

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1895

Literature

Coleridge

1. *Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.* 2. *The Golden Book of Coleridge. Edited, with an introduction, by Stopford A. Brooke. Macmillan & Co.*

A COLLECTION OF the letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge has been due for a long time. Many of his letters, indeed, have long since been published here and there. It remained to gather them together, to add copiously from manuscript collections, and (since much of the previous printing had been faulty or scanty) to furnish an authoritative text of the letters of a great genius whose talent lay not in letter-writing



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COLERIDGE AT TWENTY-SIX

It may be said at the very beginning that no student of Coleridge or of the Romantic period can afford to be without this book (1); and that to any one else the two volumes will contain much that is interesting, little that is positively new, and nothing that is indispensable. To be sure, many of the hitherto unpublished letters are valuable to the student, as throwing light upon certain phases of Coleridge's career—especially upon his intimacy with Southey and Wordsworth. But the Gentle Reader, although he will know his Coleridge better when he rises from the perusal of these Letters, will hardly know the "subtle-souled psychologist" (to use Shelley's sibilant verse) as other than he has always known him. So much may be said to explain the shade of disappointment that he will have who takes up the bulky volumes with the feeling that therein lies a mine of pleasure. The very unconnectedness of the letters is rather a disturb-

ing element, threatening the sense of continuity. One reads and feels the gaps.

It is not a full life of Coleridge, told in his own words: nor yet is it the outpouring of a spontaneous mind, every one of whose offhand utterances possesses interest and charm. Indeed, the proper way to read the Letters is to read the late Mr. Dykes Campbell's splendid life of Coleridge, and in their proper places read these letters as if they were but extended footnotes to the biography. As a letter-writer, Coleridge has, however, certain admirable qualities: he has something to say, he has the gift of expression, and his first person means a strong and never concealed personality. But perennial charm, airy freshness, lightness, dash, or the quick touch that brings one instantly to the core, are not his. Byron's letters are things in themselves, spontaneous as "Don Juan"; Coleridge's letters give the feeling, even though unjustly, that they are his duties rather than his pleasures. The letters are genuinely his, however. And that means that they are so many pages of powerful intellect in familiar form (or, indeed, in essay form). The poet had too much mind to be able to write a letter without brains; and therefore the book is a monument of fine thinking, of deep feeling, of indubitable originality.

The editor, the poet's grandson, has done his work well. He has evidently wrought with care, chosen with discretion, and commented with succinctness and good taste. The index is full and well arranged. In one or two points, only, a student will be disposed to ask for improvement. First, although the editor makes a point of definitely stating of each and every letter whether it has been previously published or not, yet some letters are heralded as unpublished that have already been quoted at length by Mr. Campbell. Secondly, in order to find out whether or where a letter has previously appeared, one must turn to the table-of-contents, instead of finding his information at the beginning of the letter. It must also be added that this is by no means intended to be a complete collection of Coleridge's letters. They begin with some that were written in boyhood, and half a dozen written later, but autobiographical in character; all of these have already seen the light elsewhere. These early letters give a view of the life of the blue-coat boy in Christ's Hospital, together with some glimpses of a six-year-old devourer of books, an infant dreamer whose mind had early been "habituated to the Vast," an eight-year-old "character" possessing "sensibility, imagination, vanity, sloth and feelings of deep and bitter contempt for all who traversed the orbit of my understanding." What a strange forecast of the Dreamer of Highgate! The unpublished letters of the student period bring to our sight a young man, of whom a "very dashing literary lady" (not necessarily a bad judge) said:—"The best I can say of him is, that he is a very gentle bear."

Possibly the bear's predilection for sweet things made him yield to the sovereign sweetness of Mary Evans; and playing at brother deepened, as it generally does (also with those who are not geniuses), to the despairing of a lover. Very tender and thoroughly sincere phases of the poet's young nature come now to light. As he afterward wrote to one of the friends of those days:—"I loved her, Southey, almost to madness. Her image was never absent from me * * * She was very lovely, Southey! We formed each other's minds; our ideas were blended." That Miss Evans understood Coleridge is evident enough from the letter of hers which he transcribes to Southey. She penetrates to the heart of the illusions that the visionary cherished concerning the value of his pantisocratic schemes. Later, the report of her engage-

ment thrills him to the quick. "To love her, habit has made unalterable." Curious and characteristic sentences, sincere, controlled and subtle, now occur almost word for word in letters to Miss Evans and to Southey. "This passion, however, divested as it now is of all shadow of hope, seems to lose its disquieting power. * * * He cannot be long wretched who dares to be actively virtuous." This would be worse than commonplace, if written by a commonplace man. To Coleridge the whole affair meant a severe struggle with fate, wherein his sensitive nature was harshly handled. One is forced, however, to think of Sir Walter and his early love—his reticence, finer than Coleridge's cry of grief, his emotion so much less complex.

Pantisocracy is the subject, of course, of many of the letters of these days. That Coleridge took the scheme seriously has never been questioned, and that he took it as his very purpose in life is obvious from the letters. Coleridge all his life tried to guide his practice by theory, and into this theory-run-mad project he was ready to fling himself and his friends, body and soul. Genuinely and deeply aggrieved is the letter he writes to Southey when the latter's commonsense finally pulls him unsympathetically out of the movement. To Coleridge, this was a retreat at the first sign of danger, a confession of a nature shamefully mistaken. Had it been in Coleridge's power, bitterly might he have anticipated Browning with a "Lost Leader," instinct with the deepest personal feeling. It is not resentment that speaks; it is the utterance of a wounded, outraged personality. Coleridge pours out his very soul in these efforts to show wherein he has been wronged. It is the human heart as well as the logical brain that finds expression here and throughout the book. Coleridge was a man of large mold: his sorrows, too, were large. "You are lost to me," he writes to Southey, "because you are lost to virtue." And again:—"You have left a large void in my heart. I know no man big enough to fill it. Others I may love equally, and esteem equally, and some perhaps I may admire as much. But never do I expect to meet another man, who will make me unite attachment for his person with reverence for his heart and admiration of his genius." Whether Southey was right in his determination or not, Coleridge, as these letters show, had at least fair reason to feel aggrieved at his manner. The discussion is no longer worth reviving: two strong-feeling, enthusiastic, intelligent young men misunderstood the causes of each other's actions, and a friendship of deep intimacy changed finally to a far more commonplace friendliness. It gives us an early clue to Coleridge's character, however, to find him using the word "pantisocracy" as a sacred symbol. The false ring of the word in an eloquent sentence would have been enough for a man whose humor was his balance-wheel. "He who leaned on you with all his head and all his heart; he who gave his all to pantisocracy"—with more in the same cadence,—this sufficiently indicates the remove from saving commonsense.

To Poole and to Thelwall many letters are addressed. Two good friends of the struggling writer they were, friends tolerating much, overlooking much, for the sake of the real man who could give them unique gifts from one of the greatest minds in England. Many of the letters are pleasant ones, too, for during his early married life, although poor in the world's goods, he was rich in devoted friends, to whom he was devoted in turn. Frequent details of housekeeping appear in these epistles, sometimes practical, sometimes not; and sometimes a note of real anxiety is heard, of actual wonder as to where the daily bread is to come from; a query sometimes quieted by his own literary exertions, but perhaps more often by the immediate assistance of his friends.

"What had I to ask of my friends?" he writes to Poole. "Not money; for a temporary relief of my want is nothing, removes no gnawing of anxiety, and debases the dignity of man. Not their interest. What could their interest (supposing they had any) do for me? I can accept no place in state, church, or dissenting meeting. What, then, could I ask of my friends? What of

Thomas Poole? O! a great deal. Instruction, daily advice, society—everything necessary to my feelings and the realization of my innocent independence. If you did but know what a father and husband must feel who toils with his brain for uncertain bread! I dare not think of it. The evil face of Frenzy looks at me. The husbandman puts his seed in the ground, and the goodness, power, and wisdom of God have pledged themselves that he shall have, bread, and health, and quietness in return for industry, and simplicity of wants and innocence. The author scatters his seed—with aching head, and wasted health, and all the heart-leapings of anxiety; the follies, the vices, and the fickleness of man promise him printers' bills and the Debtors' Side of Newgate as full and sufficient payment."

The quotation illustrates Coleridge's epistolary style fairly; and incidentally shows that the book does not lend itself for quotations very readily, it being impossible to show Coleridge clearly without liberal citation, and liberal citation with him involves extracts of page-length rather than cullings here and there. The letters that passed from Coleridge to Wordsworth and Southey are naturally of more literary interest than any others in the collection. The fragments of criticism that constantly appear have permanent value, as have most of the offhand literary dicta of S. T. C. But rather melancholy, on the whole, are the letters to his close friends: a tone of sorrow, the voice of a life overweighted, can be heard almost continuously as one turns the pages. There is always much to explain, there are misunderstandings to set straight, courses of action to justify. Of course, the writing is not incessantly apologetic and nothing more; very much of it is genial, and a good deal of it is cheerful. The letters to his wife are always gentle, and full of inquiry about his children. He was a man of very affectionate nature, and, although his marriage was not especially fortunate, his paternal love had ample opportunity to bestow itself upon his remarkable children. The letters of his later life show broad political views, as well as the metaphysical theories of earlier days, but, although the field thus widens, the progress of his life, as traced in his correspondence, becomes only the more melancholy. It is not a happy career that now comes to its close; one can believe from the letters themselves, that Carlyle's well-known unflattering portrait was taken from life impartially.

Thoroughly interesting are Coleridge's religious opinions. In the expression of every religious thought he is genuinely devout. We all have in our minds the picture of blue-coated, white waistcoated young Coleridge in the Unitarian pulpit; and along with that image there probably arises in most of us the impression of radical utterance, of eloquent and powerful intellectual fulmination against dogma. To some degree, such an impression may be true; but at best it is one-sided. The tenderness of Coleridge's religion in those days will be a gentle revelation, one fancies, to many readers. Such sentences as these are characteristic:—

"Yea, my brother! I have at all times in all places exerted my power in the defense of the Holy One of Nazareth against the learning of the historian, the libertinism of the wit, and (his worst enemy) the mystery of the bigot." "Believe me, Thelwall, it is not his atheism that has prejudiced me against Godwin, but Godwin who has, perhaps, prejudiced me against atheism."

Coleridge's fashion in writing to his friends is to lay bare the springs of his actions and his thoughts: it is not a reticent nature that speaks; it is that rare combination—a voluble, weighty writer, having much to say and saying it at great length and with great depth. What a combination the man was! Speculative, yet able to make his very visions more concrete than the realities that are as a magnet to the pens of other writers; intense, yet suffering the precious inspiration to ooze away; keen and logical, yet sensitive as Shelley himself; scattering, profound, wilful, will-less, capable and incapable, the maker of poems and the slave of opium—Coleridge! At any rate, there was no other such mind as his in the England of his day; and as the nineteenth century draws to its close, we point back to him as the greatest critic of the hundred years that we are rounding out amid a

chaos of things so far removed from his ideals. Literature would be vastly the gainer by another Coleridge to-day—one possessed of all his faults, if you will, if he but possessed all his virtues, too. Coleridge is difficult to characterize, on account of the range of his qualities and the subtlety of his apprehension. At very least, no one will presume to focus his traits into an epigram. The man is of sufficient bulk to demand a weighty "appreciation," difficult inherently. These Letters will scarcely aid one to lighten the difficulty: Coleridge had a great and subtle mind, too great to be a metaphysician, too subtle to be but a poet of Romanticism. The two forces—roughly call them power and insight—met in him, and, opposing each other, drove the stream of his genius down the channel of conversation. He was England's greatest talker, and did a mighty work for English literature by making himself the real storm-centre of the Romantic movement. As a living force of his own day, whose influ-



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COLERIDGE AT SIXTY-ONE

ence has not yet perished, he stands supreme. As a prose writer, despite much brilliant and solid criticism, he was not the immortal artist. As a poet, despite the inimitable perfection of "Christabel" and the "Rime," he was a living tomb of a dead Chatterton.

It is unquestionable that the poems on which Coleridge's reputation as a poet is established are very few in number and would make a very slim volume, though a really "golden one." It is, on the whole to be regretted that the editor of "The Golden Book of Coleridge" (2) should have felt himself obliged to include so much verse in which the poet is dormant, and only the metaphysical dreamer, or the affectionate friend, is awake. If "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," "Kubla Khan," "The Garden of Borealis," and a few other poems only less original and exquisite, would not furnish matter enough for the book-buyer looking for the value of his money in quantity, then a few of the best prose passages from "The Friend" would have made better filling than many of the rather commonplace verses included by Mr. Brooke—verses which should have had a place, if anywhere, only in the introduction. It is true that they tell us something about Coleridge, and more, perhaps, about the aspirations and the conventions of his age. The editor does not fail to point out the turgidity, the shallow enthusiasm, the empty rhetoric of some of the early poems and the spiritless acquiescence in defeat of the later

ones, and to repeat the customary explanation, that it was all due to lack of will and to opium. But, though Coleridge is an extreme example, his case is that of most of the poets of his age. They theorized, promised, bragged a great deal, but they accomplished little that will live. They strained their powers to the utmost and failed to reach the level of the actual life of their time; they could only shake their heads at the aspirations of the masses. Still we may learn from them with what hopes the century opened, if only we do not suppose that they were held by the people in the shape that has been given to them by the rhymers.

"Lotos time in Japan"

By Henry C. Finck. Charles Scribner's Sons.

LOTOS-TIME! The word lifts the curtain of distance and shows long vistas of irrigated gardens and castle-moats, and temple palms, glorious with large green bowl-like shields, in the heart of which lie dewdrops flashing like diamonds, or turned to prismatic splendor under the rays of the sun. Up from beneath the floating or wind-swayed leaves rise in pink and white splendor the great buds or the imperial blooms; or it may be, after petals have fallen, the rich seed-cups with their freight of prophecies for the next year, or with that snapping of release from the seed-enclosure, which is music to the Japanese child's ear. Below and invisible, the cellulated roots fatten until they pay their autumn tribute to the epicure, who loves to feed his carnal nature upon them, even as he delights eye and soul with the sight and mystic associations of leaf and flower. Ours is the day of the esthete and numerous are the pilgrims who cross the Pacific to study at the shrine of beauty which lies in the Oriental seas. As a rule the Englishman writes matter-of-fact books about Japan; the Frenchman pours out rhapsody well flavored with cynicism; and the German's thoroughness is apt to have avoirdupois. Strange as it may seem to trans-Atlantic folks, it is chiefly the children of the "Land of the Almighty Dollar" who go to study Japan's beauty, the mind and inner life of its people, and who have revealed to us more of the Japanese soul than any other writers.

Mr. Finck is a lover of music and scenery, and probably his first venture in authorship, "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty," is his best-known work. It is curious that with such a decided passion for the beautiful, Mr. Finck's style is neither particularly admirable, nor calculated to stir the reader to enthusiasm. Indeed, it seems to us to be remarkably matter-of-fact. To be true, he treats his subject seriously. Instead of going into rhapsodies that are absurd, instead of being often comically inaccurate, like Sir Edwin Arnold, for example, there are on every page of this book proofs that its author has a desire to conform to facts. He went out to Japan *via* Hawaii. Yokahama and Tokyo were first visited, then "the Japanese Siberia" (Yezo), about which he tells a great many fresh and interesting things. In Nikko and Kyoto he refreshed his soul by studying nature and art as they are to-day, after fifteen hundred years of loving care at the hands of man. He believes that the Japanese are the one æsthetic nation of the world, and, not satisfied with bare assertion, gives a good deal of accumulated proofs, which we think demonstrate his position. His criticisms of art are unusually intelligent, because he has studied things at first hand, has original power of discernment, and reinforces his own impressions, not from those of shallow tourists, but from the observations of long residents of ability, who have themselves been able to correct their first and wrong impressions. Mr. Finck thinks that there are many things in which the Japanese are able to instruct us. During the next century we are to be profoundly influenced by this æsthetic nation, whose civilization, he declares, is founded on altruism, while ours is founded on selfishness. We do not think that Mr. Finck is happy in some of his comparisons wherein American defects are magnified and Japanese virtues exalted and exaggerated, without correction for personal

equation and knowledge of reality. Nevertheless, this is not only a delightful but a useful book—one well calculated, we think, to demonstrate that the whole subject of Japanese aesthetics and of Japan as a teacher of beauty is worthy of a treatise by an able writer of long residence and experience—who is at once a scholar and a poet.

"An Aide-de-Camp of Napoleon"

Memoirs of General Count de Ségur. Revised by his Grandson, Count Louis de Ségur, and translated by H. A. Patchett-Martin. D. Appleton & Co.

COUNT PHILIPPE DE SÉGUR was born on the eve of the Revolution, and during a long life of ninety-three years played a brilliant rôle in war, politics and letters. Grandson of a Marshal of France, and son of a father who, before entering diplomacy, had served with La Fayette and Rochambeau in the American war, he naturally dreamed of a career at arms. Entering the army as a simple private in 1800, just at his twentieth year, he was soon after made a sub-lieutenant, went with Moreau on the Bavarian campaign and was present at Hohenlinden. At the age of twenty-four he was in command of Napoleon's body-guard, with the assurance of rapid advancement; twelve years after his enlistment he became a brigadier-general. With Macdonald against the Austrians in the campaign of the Grisons, at Boulogne, on the Rhine; with the Emperor at Ulm and Austerlitz; with Joseph in Naples, and again with the Emperor in Prussia and Poland—a captive in Russia, wounded in Spain, with Napoleon to Moscow and in his succeeding fortunes, either as staff-officer or at the head of picked troops, he fought almost continuously up to the end of the Imperial era. His military career was several times interrupted by diplomatic missions, prominently to Denmark and Spain; and after the Restoration had definitely ended his military career, he turned his attention especially to literature, which he had practiced successfully, also, on earlier occasions. Eventually he became a Peer of France and a member of the Academy.

An account of the campaign into Russia produced on its appearance in 1824 a great sensation, but his most important literary work is entitled "History, Memoirs and Miscellanea," published in 1873, after his death. The second part of this work is now for the first time issued separately, and aims to be an account of all Ségur did and experienced, particularly in a military and political way, during the first twelve years of this century. He begins his recollections by speaking of his father and grandfather, and with some reference to his impoverished childhood during the hard days of the Revolution. The family belonged to the aristocracy of the old régime, and naturally had a serious time getting through the period of the Terror alive; but the father was finally able to attach himself to Napoleon, so that the succeeding years brought at least comparative safety, and with that the opportunity for a sort of visionary, or dreamy, intellectual life. His enlistment with the Republican army he considers the beginning of the first amalgamation of the old society with the new. In the midst of the embarrassment that followed, he was called to the bedside of his grandfather to receive his noble but sad farewell:—"You have been guilty of disrespect to all the traditions of your ancestors; but the thing is done; remember that. You have of your own free will enlisted in the Republican army. Serve it frankly and loyally. You have made your choice, and it is out of your power to go back on it." He flies body and soul into the Revolutionary movement, and tries more and more to hasten the fusion of the two societies, and henceforth to prevent the possibility of "any return to the proscriptions of the Convention and the Directorate. This idea," he says, "took strong hold of me, and from that moment it has persistently inspired my intercourse, my actions, and even my simplest words." The record of what he did in accord with this spirit, and of his various experiences in many lands and circumstances, includes perhaps too much of the purely personal to make the entire book of

great historical value. But it is by no means here like searching in chaff. The light thrown on the relations of the aristocracy and the Bonapartists toward each other is very bright; incidents, movements and crises of campaigns and battle-fields are told from notes made at the time by one who took prominent part in them; frequent testimony is borne to the tender-heartedness and benevolence of the Emperor, as well as to his genius and his occasional inexorable impatience; thrilling scenes of the march and the camp, and anecdotes that can be depended upon, lend absorbing interest to many a page; and there is no sign of such tales and scandals as call for expurgation. The most uniform feature of the entire book is the pure, delightful style in which the narration proceeds. It is all clear, precise; and the reader is impressed throughout with the writer's sober, judicial mind.

"Historic Doubts"

1. *As to the Execution of Marshal Ney. By James A. Weston. Thomas Whittaker.* 2. *Relative to Napoleon Bonaparte. By Richard Whately, D.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

INTEREST IN THE identity of Peter S. Ney has finally expressed itself in a volume of over three hundred pages (1). An Episcopal clergyman of Hickory, North Carolina, once an officer in the Confederate army, is the author. He seems greatly satisfied with what he has done, and unhesitatingly declares to us that he knows he is right. He announces, also, that his investigation of this matter began some twelve years ago, and that now "the book is written." The difficulties have been very great—almost insuperable. The fires have been exceedingly hot. But the mountain-top is reached." A hundred pages of his work are taken up with a sketch of the life of Marshal Ney down to December, 1815. This sketch presumes to be nothing more, but the author claims that he has much new material on Ney, and hopes sometime to incorporate it in a complete biography. What is here given forms one continuous eulogy. From the various memoirs of the period, such quotations are made as ever praise the work and characteristics of the great Marshal—"bravest of the brave," most wonderful of captains, indispensable to the god of war himself: there is so much of "had it not been for Ney," "had Ney not been there," "Ney could have done it," or he "would not have done it." The style is vigorous, however, and the short, snappy sentences insist upon being read. Then follows the exposition of the author's argument, that P. S. Ney was none other than Napoleon's marshal.

It appears herein that this man came to America in January, 1816, prepared himself to teach, and was first employed in 1819 by a South Carolina colonel; that from that time he was engaged in teaching, always in a quiet unpretentious way, until his death in 1846. Mr. Weston first tears to pieces the historical accounts of Ney's execution, and does, indeed, make them seem pretty clumsy. After thus establishing what he considers "a very great probability as to Ney's escape," he devotes himself to the testimony for his main point. Arguments are found partly in the claims and characteristics of P. S. Ney himself, who, it seems, was prone to drink too much occasionally, and then was likely to tell who he really was. Other proofs are taken from the opinions and experiences of Ney's old pupils. A large number of these have written letters, out of which is constructed quite a specious argument. They are, to say the least, all very interesting, and in many cases make a sad and tragic record. Ney's dying declaration was that he was the great marshal. Documentary evidence, specimens of poetry, and a multitude of circumstances are given to strengthen the case. There are those, to be sure, who will consider the book a genuine myth, who will think the statement in one letter, to the effect that it is less difficult to be uncertain about P. S. Ney's identity than to believe he was really Marshal Ney, eminently sensible; nevertheless, believers in the position taken by Mr. Weston will not be wanting.

The doubts relative to Napoleon (2) are not unfamiliar, as they have appeared several times before, being published first in 1819. This time they make up a very neat volume, called out, no doubt, in large part by the fact that just now nothing about Napoleon must be left covered. But, in truth, there isn't a great deal in this little book about him: he is rather taken as an excuse for a very interesting sort of lecture in regard to the rules we should apply in judging the value of testimony, and running through it all is the demand that people should not be so inconsistent as to subject one set of facts—in this case those concerning Napoleon—to less rigorous standards of judgment than they do some others, notably many facts in the history of Christianity. The book is a fine example of one way to say things, if one wishes them to be listened to attentively.

"The Heart of Life"

By W. H. Mallock. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MR. MALLOCK is nothing if not philosophical: each new novel of his states, if it does not attempt to solve, a problem. His latest attacks the marriage question, and offers a partial solution.



W. H. MALLOCK

Mr. Reginald Pole, while pursuing statistics in Germany, falls in love with a young Englishwoman whose Welsh husband neglects her, sacrifices his little luxuries to pay her bills, and, in all respects, takes the place of the absent son of St. David. Hence, when he returns to England to attend his aunt's funeral and to claim his share of her fortune, he has become indifferent to the strife of labor and capital, which affects only the means of existence—the outside of

life—and deeply interested in the question of marriage, concerned as that is with the passions and affections which are the heart of life itself. In his musings on this subject he has come to the conclusion that love is the essence of the matter; and since love is not insured by sacrament or by contract, existing matrimonial institutions are in need of reform, and the prejudices which support them must be assailed and conquered. In this, he tells himself, he is not attacking religion, whose sources he believes to lie in the sexual and family instincts. If religion is to have a rebirth, it must spring again from these sources, and there can be no more important duty than that of freeing them from the impediments imposed by law and by public opinion. It is every gentleman's right to do this in his own case; and, so long as he is faithful to his choice and does not create a public commotion, society should have nothing to say to him.

These original and decided views of his, Mr. Pole expounds in the course of several extended conversations with his old tutor, Canon Bulman, who, with two other Puseyite clergymen, has come to attend the funeral. The Canon, who poses as a Radical, and is the leading spirit of a league to drive men who lead irregular lives from politics, is deeply mortified by his quondam pupil's free-love sentiments and his recently acquired indifference to other radical notions. When, later, he discovers the cause, he becomes an active opponent of Pole's political ambition, and, with his league, succeeds in compelling him to renounce the career on which he had successfully embarked. But succumbing, himself, to temptation, the unfortunate Canon, in a fit of remorse, withdraws his charges, surrenders the evidence that had come into his possession, and commits suicide by taking an overdose of laudanum. Another clerical friend of Pole's turns out only a little less badly, being committed to prison for obtaining money under false pretences; and the third, the Rev. Dr. Godolphin, is a sort of pompous though good-natured donkey, whose vanity has fastened itself to the externals of his calling like ivy to a church wall. By many allusions to the Parnell case, and many similarities in their characters and sentiments, we are led to infer that the late Irish leader is, in all but his politics, the model after which Mr. Mallock's hero is fashioned. It would seem that our author sees danger for his own party in the direction from which it came upon Parnell. Hence his desire to bring the Church and matrimony, as one of its sacraments, into ridicule.

An argument in the form of fiction is necessarily based on a particular case, and that case ought to be a representative one. Mr. Mallock, writing for English readers, was obliged to make his principal characters English. But an unwritten law to which the British reading public obliges its authors to conform, commands that, whatever may be the case in real life, there must not in literature be any English ladies who stick at nothing. Mr. Mallock has broken this law, but in the gentlest possible manner. His Pansy Masterá is a little goose, whose love-letters—short, rare, but ineffably stupid—would be quite sufficient to account for the further aberrations of her lover. She has not the courage of her vices and promptly deserts Pole when her husband, having inherited a ruinous Welsh castle, offers her a position as lady paramount in a wild district north of the Bristol Channel. Her abject fear of the public opinion of her new neighbors, hard-thinking and clownish country squires and their spouses, is expected to render her respectable in the eyes of Mr. Mallock's readers. But, lest she should bore them as much as she does her lover, they see very little of her. Her place is taken through the greater part of the book by a much more brilliant and captivating sinner, one who possesses, moreover, the necessary qualification of being all that is not English in race, religion and breeding.

The Countess Shimna O'Keefe, who also assists at the burial of the good Miss Pole, and in the shadow of the organ-loft makes a deep impression on Pole, is a distant cousin of his, but is Austrian by birth, Parisian in manner, a Catholic,

and, as her name shows, of Irish ancestry. In Ireland, always behind the age, the salacious novel is not in demand; consequently Irish susceptibilities, if they exist, do not have to be considered. But the Countess is, in her way, Mr. Mallock's most charming creation. His taste in women, as shown in most of his former works, is like that of his own Lord Wargrave, and requires that they possess rank, beauty, talent, sentiment and, above all, that there be about them the air of their having committed some mysterious indiscretion. Countess Shimna fulfills all of these demands. She is described, in Lord Wargrave's admiring phrases, as a Byronic heroine brought down to date, as a Watteau shepherdess with a touch of the barbarian, as gifted with everything that the most artificial training can bestow upon her, except artificiality. Her creator, whose ideas of life are as artificial as those of a French minor poet, plainly expects us to regard this last qualification as her greatest fault. By Mr. Mallock, who compares old ladies to clock-work mice, young ladies to spirits shut up in a bonbon box, smiles to mushrooms, and sea-gulls to magnolia petals, whose terminology is largely drawn from cook-books, dressmakers' circulars and nurserymen's annuals, this note of wildness in his delightful heroine is meant as the mark of inferiority to her tame English sister, and designates her as a splendidly adorned victim destined to be sacrificed on the altar of British hypocrisy. She shamelessly jilts the poor Mr. Pole (who, in despair at the loss of his Pansy, casts himself at her feet), and marries instead a young Polish prince, reputed to be the father of her child.

It will be seen that Mr. Mallock is no mere destructionist. He does not attack the established system without having a morality of his own all ready to take its place. It is that on which people of his class most commonly act. One may do as he pleases so long as it is done in a gentlemanly manner. Or, rather, for it is necessary to be more precise, in the manner held to be gentlemanly in the set to which he belongs. Pole sits in Parliament for a pocket borough; he is, as his friend the Canon puts it, "a liar and an adulterer"; but he is all this without ceasing to be a gentleman, that is, without braving the opinion of his class. Besides, having become a person of consequence in his party through his possession of about as much knowledge as would be required of a petty German official, "his self-respect does not depend on the manner of his private life." But this is really only a plea for the aristocratic privilege of running away with another man's wife. It would never answer to extend that privilege to the masses. It will be strange, therefore, if Mr. Mallock's free-love argument does not furnish a weapon for the English radicals to use against the aristocracy. While as an advocate Mr. Mallock injures his own side, as an artist he spoils his work by yielding to the prejudices of his public. The two heroines divide the interest, and produce a blurred impression, and there are other indications that his powers are waning. It is difficult to maintain a high position as a literary agnostic, and former admirers will be sorry to note that he is now frequently as shallow and as slipshod as Bulwer Lytton, as showy and as insincere as Disraeli. He repeats over and over the same phrases; he contradicts himself, constructs impossible sentences. Having decided that it is right to set asunder those whom God has joined together, he proceeds to join words and phrases which logically and grammatically belong apart. But he has yet a long way to go before he reaches the depths where wallow certain other popular novelists. It is possible that he may never arrive at them.

Gyp in English

1. *Le Mariage de Chiffon*. Par Gyp. 2. *A Gallic Girl*. Tr. by Henri Pène du Bois. Brentano's. 3. *Chiffon's Marriage*. Tr. by Mrs. Patchett Martin. Illus. by H. C. Edwards. F. A. Stokes Co. 4. Tr. by M. L. J. Lovell, Coryell & Co.

IT IS NOW more years ago than we care to remember since Gyp began to add to the gaiety of nations by the publication of her first story. Since then she has shown in its numerous successors that the source of her bubbling, sparkling, reckless wit is inex-

haustible; for in her latest as in her earliest book, she is the incarnation of that irresistible Gallic spirit which is so full of life and laughter and so utterly indifferent to *les convenances*. Judged from the Anglo-Saxon point of view, nearly all these stories in crisp, elliptical dialogue are vicious; but from the more tolerant Continental standpoint they are merely naughty. Georges Ohnet and Paul Bourget take the great world of Paris with comical gravity; Gyp's noble men and women talk slang and act scandal, and thrive and are happy in a pool of unfathomable iniquity. Yet there is an occasional note of warning, a word of hard-headed commonsense in all the froth of this unceasing flow of wit; and while we may condemn Mme. de Transpor and call her a "horrid old thing," we must not forget that Paulette is a good woman



GYP
(La Comtesse Mariel)

who has managed to find this world a plateau of sunshine and laughter instead of a vale of tears; that M. le Duc's Tante Josette is an optimistic and tolerant philosopher, with no illusions about the morality of man, but not a shadow of despair about this world; and that Madame la Duchesse was an innocent, loving girl until her husband goaded her into the application of the *lex talionis*. "Un Raté" was a timely attack upon psychological fiction run mad, and the irony of "Ohé! Les Psychologues"—especially the discussion of Stendhal—is worth a solid volume of the driest scientific criticism. Gyp's sketches are not merely photographs; beneath the airiness and the nonsense and the naughtiness there often lies a word of serious warning which sticks because it is so cleverly put.

Her latest story, originally written for the new *Revue de Paris*, presents again her ideal French girl, whom she has sketched already with more or less detail in most of her books—in "Madame la Duchesse" and "Mademoiselle Ève," among others,—a slangy, impulsive tomboy, half child, half woman, with a superb sense of right and wrong and an ineradicable habit of saying what she thinks. The story is far from being the best thing Gyp has done—to those, at least, that have read her other books; there is in it a reminiscent tone which we have failed to find in any of its predecessors. On the other hand, it is excellently adapted for American readers who are curious to make this writer's acquaintance, in that it contains no naughtiness to speak of, and still enough sparkle to make the reputation of any other writer. Gyp's slang—the slang of fashionable France—is a fascinating language; but the student who has burned the midnight oil over Racine and Victor Hugo will find it almost unintelligible. Much of it is utterly untranslatable; and it is interesting, if not always amusing, to observe the grim determination wherewith the translators enumerated above have set their teeth and sworn not to let

a single point, a single drollery of expression, escape them. And on the whole they have succeeded very well, far better than could have been expected; in fact it may be said that they have disproved in a measure the claim, so often made, that Gyp is untranslatable. Still, much has been lost, but is it not better, after all, to have half a loaf in the form of a bearable translation than to go through life in benighted ignorance of the works of Gyp? There is little to choose between the three translators: they are all readable, and, as stated above, closely follow the original in every detail.

The accompanying portrait forms the frontispiece of the edition of Lovell, Coryell & Co.

"The Veiled Doctor"

By Varina Anna Jefferson Davis. Harper & Bros.

THE CURIOSITY aroused by the announcement, some months ago, that the Daughter of the Confederacy was writing a novel, has not been disappointed by the published book. This would be a good story from the pen of any writer, and it need not rest upon its author's unique social position for a fair share of success. What strikes us especially in this firstling, is the surety of stroke, the firmness of purpose, manifest on every page: from the opening paragraph the author has known what she wanted to tell, and how she wanted to tell it. The atmosphere of the old decaying town, with its departed glory still hovering hesitatingly over its stately, neglected mansions, and its old-fashioned aristocracy, hopelessly behind the times in dress and thought, is well set forth; and the description of the garden planted by the Doctor's mother, and cherished by him therefor as a holy place, is most effective. There are really but two actors in this drama of life—the Veiled Doctor and his handsome, headstrong wife; and yet the background is well filled with gossiping neighbors and the poor of the town, the tragedy becoming still grimmer in its secret intensity by this very environment of prying observation and malignant curiosity. The plot is bold, though somewhat repulsive. The utilization of a disfiguring disease and its concealment from the world by mask or veil is not entirely new in fiction; but, then, what plot or situation is? Compared with the combination of three, and the variations thereof, in French fiction, and the invariable more or less respectable love-complications of nearly all English and many American stories, it is new, especially when it is used in a legitimate way to strengthen and make more admirable the sacrificing love of a repentant woman.

New Books and New Editions

STILL THEY COME! Were the omnivorous reviewer asked what department of literature is overstocked, he would doubtless name poetry first, but a close second would be ethics. Especially of books of counsel to the young does there seem to be a superabundance. Entertaining reading, all of them, but who reads them? If the rising generation is not exemplary in conduct, successful in business and well-versed in the principles that give life nobility and worth, it will not be the fault of our moral and religious teachers. Most recent of such monitory manuals is Dr. Arthur T. Pierson's "Life-Power," the six chapters of which discuss elements and secrets of power, a presiding purpose, books, industry, amusements and ideals. These topics are the threads on which is strung much good advice, illustrated and enforced by anecdote, incident and quotation attractively interwoven. The sketches in the last chapter, of typical characters, are well drawn, and one of them, at least, will have the merit of novelty to most readers. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)—E. G. ROBINSON, D.D., LL.D., is the subject of a discourse delivered by Dr. H. L. Wayland at various times and places, and now printed in a neat pamphlet of twenty-two pages. An uneventful life, this, judged by the usual standards, and yet a life rich in worthy influences. The sketch is brief, and is concerned with characteristics rather than outward incident. The meagre outline shows a pastorate or two, a short professorship at Covington, then the two decades at Rochester, followed by the seventeen years' presidency of Brown University, and a three years' sojourn in Chicago. He is portrayed as a man disposed to cherish, rather than to utter, his feelings, and hence often regarded as unsympathetic and exclusive; intensely realistic in his beliefs, with an absorbing passion for truth, and with the power of communicating his enthusiasm to his pupils and thus stimulating and encouraging them to further research. The biography is a notable one, and may be read with profit as well as pleasure. (American Baptist Publication Soc.)

THE CONSTANTLY GROWING company of lovers of outdoor literature will pick up Dr. W. C. Prime's "Among the Northern Hills" with interest, read awhile with pleasure, and then stop suddenly with a feeling of annoyance. Preaching out of place is quite as bad as good preaching is excellent when in place; and Dr. Prime almost spoils a good book by unexpectedly thrusting a sermon under the reader's nose. It is not in good taste, to say the least, and even worse is the silly fling at "modern progressive science," for the statement is untrue. The author is not a naturalist, but a keen lover of nature, and it is an interesting study in itself to note how differently the same object or outlook affects the simple lover of such, and him with but a technical interest. It is a pity so few botanists are poetically inclined, and that geologists are not artistically disposed. Were it so, our literature would be a bit brighter. The twenty articles that go to make up Dr. Prime's book are, as is always the case in books of this kind, of unequal interest. Some of them can hardly be considered as characteristic of the Northern Hills, but are none the less entertaining. The two sketches that, we think, will prove most taking are "An Old Angler" and "Doughnut and Tobacco." The latter has a charm that will touch a very meditative man as with a choice cigar he rests from the labors of the day. (Harper & Bros.)

"THE PEOPLE'S LIFE of their Queen," by the Rev. E. J. Hardy, is a sketch of the domestic life of Queen Victoria. Public ceremonies in which the Queen has taken part are also described, but of her relations to the history of her time we get no hint. It is a chatty book, pleasantly written, abounding in anecdotes illustrating the more amiable traits of the Queen's character. Mr. Hardy might have chosen Victoria and the Prince Consort as examples of "How to be Happy Though Married." The portrait which he here presents is doubtless imperfect, but the materials for a more complete biography are not now accessible. The book is illustrated and bound in a similar style to "The People's Life of Gladstone," issued by the same publishers. (Cassell Pub. Co.)—SIR EDWARD SULLIVAN seems to be blessed with abundant leisure, and to have devoted a great deal of it to making a cento of all the passages that he could find in English, French and Latin bearing on the subject of "Woman" considered as the predominant partner in the social alliance. We do not suppose that he has exhausted the subject, but he has brought together an enormous number of observations, gallant and ungallant, wise and foolish, witty or amusing, made by the sterner sex upon the fairer, and not a few retorts in which women maintain their predominant position in the matter of having the last word. They will, however, simply acquiesce in Sir Edward's last word; for he winds up by asserting that the love of woman is not only the most delightful of the good gifts of Providence to man, but the least deceitful. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

"THE GOVERNMENT CLASS BOOK," by Andrew W. Young, has been revised by Salter S. Clarke, and issued in a new edition. It is divided into several parts, of which the first is devoted to a brief introduction on the general principles of government and a description of the main features of our various State governments, so far as they resemble one another. The second describes the national Government, and the third gives a short sketch of the principles of law. Then, as if all that were not enough for one small volume, there is added a special account of the State government of New York, contributed by Myron T. Scudder. The obvious criticism on such a book is that it attempts too much, so much that not one of the topics it deals with can be adequately treated. The part treating of the United States Government is the most thorough of all, yet it leaves something to be desired; while the chapters on the State governments, and on the principles of law, are still more deficient. Moreover, the attempt to crowd so much matter into a small space has resulted in too great a condensation of style for a work intended for young learners. As a book of reference, however, the work will be useful, and also to refresh the memory of those already familiar with the subjects of which it treats. The multiplication of treatises on government shows the growing interest in the subject; but we have not yet seen a work of the kind that seemed to us quite satisfactory. (Maynard, Merrill & Co.)

A TREATISE on the development and use of muscle, called "Strength," is by C. A. Sampson, like Sandow, a professional "strong man." The book is short and simple, and merely repeats the commonsense precepts of training now in vogue among

people who consult their physicians or an expert on the subject, but skill unknown to many amateur athletes, and especially to very young men and boys, who strain their muscles with weights that are far too heavy, in the belief that they are benefiting their health and developing their physique. To become a professional hercules, Sampson claims that a man must have "genius"—by which he means, we suppose, that, besides uncommon natural muscular strength, one must be gifted with a quick brain and readily responding reflexes. Writing for the general reader, Sampson lays stress upon the mental benefit to be derived from exercise by people of sedentary habits—the result expressed in his own device, "mens sana in corpore sano." It is this feeling of buoyancy that makes the bicyclist so enthusiastic for his sport: it can be obtained as well with a pair of five-pound dumbbells and a three-foot India rubber strap. It is a book that will benefit any man and any boy, and it is inexpensive. (Rand, McNally & Co.)

"BROWN STUDIES," by the Rev. Dr. Geo. H. Hepworth, is a pleasant little book in the vein of "Reveries of a Bachelor," being reflections among the Adirondacks on "Campfires and Morals," as the secondary title expresses it. There is much graphic and sympathetic description of nature interwoven with sensible criticism and council on marriage and domestic life, and, running through the whole, a love-story, in which an episode of telepathy is skilfully introduced, helping to make the dénouement happy, as it ought to be. The treatment is sound and healthy throughout, in refreshing contrast to many more ambitious books of the day which deal with the relations of man and woman. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

THE WORD "CONFESSIONS" has become so intimately associated with the mysterious workings of conscience in disorderly lives, that it is with a sense of relief and surprise one finds the word used by a prattling fellow who has nothing to relate but insignificant incidents and not very blood-curdling adventures. The mysterious workings of conscience have nothing whatever to do with "The Confessions of Mr. Amos Todd," the son of a London drug-clerk, who, beginning when an infant in a little semi-detached house in Clementia Road, Peckham, drags the reader with him through many and varied uninteresting experiences, finally parting with him while giving his Japanese impressions, Mr. Todd in the meantime having arrived at years of maturity, and having wandered over a large portion of the inhabited globe. In our opinion, Amos Todd, Adventurer, has taken rather a liberty with the reader in asking him to pause and listen to his uninteresting prattle. He is in no way a remarkable man, does only the most commonplace things, and is not a success as a humorist. Mr. Todd's one redeeming quality is a disposition to be philosophical at times, when his reflections on certain subjects possess a freshness and wisdom hardly to be expected from one exhibiting so little good taste. Why the book should have been written, published in England and imported into America, we fail to understand. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"The Shakespearian."—The second and third numbers of this new magazine, published at Stratford-on-Avon by Mr. A. H. Wall, former librarian at the Shakespeare Memorial, fulfil the promises of the prospectus; and I am gratified to learn that the venture has been most favorably noticed by the English press, and that the subscription list is already encouraging. The magazine deserves success, and we cordially commend it to all students and lovers of Shakespeare. The price per annum (including postage to this country) is only six shillings and sixpence (\$1.58 by international postal order) and the address of the publisher is 5 Payton Street, Stratford-on-Avon.

Two Shakespearian Doctors Confounded.—The Boston Transcript, which seldom errs in that way, gets the English Furnivall and the American Furness curiously "mixed" in the following paragraph:—

"Now that Dr. Furnivall, the accomplished editor of the Variorum Shakespeare, has mentioned it, everybody will at once be glad to consider the possibility that the poet pronounced his own name Shakspear. In the central counties in England, the good local people are still inclined to a sort of Norman broadness of vowels, entirely unlike, however, the cockney width of enunciation. It is an interesting point to make, this pronunciation of the last name of the immortal William of Avon. We have his own testimony in his Sonnets to his love that he liked the

abbreviation of his first name. For does not one of the pair which has that pet name of his in almost every line begin—

'Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will,
And Will to boot, and Will in overplus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus;

and does not the other one end—

'Make but my name thy love and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me—for my name is Will.'?"

A Dubious Emendation of "Midsummer-Night's Dream,"

ii. 1. 54.—Mr. Irving Browne sends me the following suggestion, which may commend itself to some of my readers though it does not to me:—

"Let me submit to you a new reading of 'And tailour cries,' in Puck's speech. The 'Aunt' has been telling 'the saddest tale,' and it seems to me that this is the kind of tale alluded to, and not one spelled *tail*. So read, 'And taler cries'—i. e., the narrator weeps, and falls into a cough, etc. *Taler* is an old English word, used by Chaucer, as I learn from 'The Century Dictionary,' in the sense of the teller of a tale. If this is not right, at any rate it is not half so absurd as any conjecture embraced in Mr. Furness's recent note."

Mr. Thomas Nast has received a cable despatch from Sir Henry Irving ordering an oil-painting of the Shakespeare bust now in the old house where the poet was born at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. Nast some time ago sent a photograph of a small study he had painted in oil to the English actor; the order is the answer. The details of the new painting are all left with Mr. Nast.

According to a recent telegram, a 1623 folio Shakespeare has just been discovered in the University Library at Padua by the Librarian, Signor Girardi.

The Fine Arts

"Venezia"

By H. Perl. Adapted from the German by Mrs. A. Bell. Illustrated. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

ONE MIGHT SUPPOSE that it would be difficult to find anything new to write or illustrate in Venice; but life keeps on there as elsewhere, new types arise, and the old presents itself under new aspects. Mr. Perl, at least, does not seem to have found any lack of subjects to write about; nor Ettore Tito, Tony Grubhofer, Luigi Cima, Mainardo Pagani, Guglielmo Bertis, and half a dozen other artists, matters to exercise their pencils. Between them they have filled a large and handsome volume with pleasant gossip and clever sketches of Venice, her islands and lagoons, churches and palaces, bridges and *traghetto*, her butchers, bakers, fish-dealers, doges, artists and policemen. The author appears to have taken a text to preach against, and not from, when he quotes on his first page:—"Tis an enchanted city! but, like an idol, dead." Certainly, the scene of the arrival at the station, pictured by Signor Tito, is lively enough; and there is no lack of animation in his gondoliers, flower-girls, or promenaders on the Lido.

After a sketch of Venetian history, the author takes an excursion to the sand dunes, and on the way repeats the names of the rosary of islands that encircle the city. There is San Giorgio Maggiore, with its church and fortress and often-painted campanile, where the great annual midnight festival takes place in December. There is the isle of Santa Helena, once a sanitarium, now the site of a carriage-factory. There are San Lazzaro, with its Armenian convent, San Servolo and San Clemente. Farther on we read of the fisher-isle of Chioggia, of the island of Torcello and Venetian point-lace, and Murano and its glass-works. The piazza and its pigeons, the ducal palace, St. Mark's Church, the Salute and all the show palaces and churches are duly described and pictured; but we are more interested in the clever bits of Venetian local color and sketches from the life in out-of-the-way *calli* and *canalli*; the tombola, the popular ball, the linen hanging out in the Campo Santa Margherita attract us; and we feel quite at home in the painters' quarters, and very much abroad at the festival of the Galeggiante, and yet more so at that of the Bacchanal del Redentor. The illustrations are all half-tone prints from those clever dashy sketches in which European artists humor the peculiarities of the "process." There are no failures among them, and we may remark that they are very clearly printed, even though the paper is not super-calendered.

EXHIBITS for the fourteenth autumn exhibition of the National Academy of Design will be received on Dec. 10-12. Varnishing Day will be Dec. 21.

"Portrait and Figure Painting"

THIS IS ONE of the Art Amateur Hand-books, but is quite out of the usual line of hand-books for art students. The writer, Frank Fowler, is not only himself a painter; he is one who has thought about his art, and who is capable of expressing his ideas with clearness, and even with elegance. His book is far from being a dry collection of recipes, like most books of its kind. It is a reasoned and, at the same time, a lively presentation of the subject, giving the same advice that would be given in the class-room, but in better form. It will, therefore, be found valuable even by those who are learning to paint under a good teacher—indeed, we should say, by them most of all. But students who are obliged at the beginning of their career to do without such assistance, will find in it the best available substitute for direct teaching. Nearly two-thirds of the work are given to instruction in the painting of a head, and to portraiture. The remainder treats of the figure. The plates, in colors, are few, but really helpful. They show three stages of the same painting (a female head and bust, draped), and are admirably adapted to show the student how to proceed safely and surely from the first sketch to the finished portrait. The book is well printed on toned paper, and is neatly bound in green cloth. (Cassell Pub'g Co.)

London Letter

MR. HALL CAINE'S talent for business relations is about to find an excellent and effective outlet. He is to cross to America in the second week of September, as the representative of English authorship, to uphold British interests in the face of the risks and penalties of the Canadian copyright act. The choice of Mr. Caine as spokesman, which is due, I believe, to the initiative of the Incorporated Society of Authors, is admirable; for he has a clear and active judgment in all such matters, and is, moreover, compact of that energy which gives its very best to whatever labor it essays. Mr. Caine is at present in London, collecting material in support of his position, and it is understood that he is sparing no pains in his search. He is in constant communication with the Colonial Office, and has now at his command an array of figures and of elaborate statistics which can hardly fail to influence decision in this very important matter. If Mr. Caine succeeds, as every one seems to expect, in strengthening the hand of the British author, he will have wrought a really great benefit for his fellow-craftsmen, and one that will ally his name with that of Sir Walter Besant in the service of authorship. Americans, too, will doubtless be interested in meeting the author of "The Manxman," who has been so conspicuously before the public gaze during the last twelve months. He is safe to secure popularity upon the other side.

A new penny weekly appeared on Tuesday in the shape of *The Success*, a paper modeled precisely upon the lines of *Tit-Bits* and of *Answers*. Both these journals have brought their proprietors fortunes, and it is but natural they should be imitated. The sincerest form of flattery, however, can scarcely be carried further than in the case of *The Success*, which differs in no perceptible degree from its models. The editor is Mr. D. Storrar Meldrum, the author of "The Story of Margrédél," of whom mention has more than once been made in these columns. Mr. Meldrum is a journalist of standing. For some time he edited *Rod and Gun*, a sporting print, and has lately been associated with Dr. Robertson Nicoll, for whom he has sub-edited several of the many papers exploited by that resourceful man-of-letters. Dr. Nicoll is reputed to have a clearer notion than any other man in London of the exact selling power and annual profit or loss of every publication in the metropolis, and there is no doubt that Mr. Meldrum decided by the book when he chose the *Tit-Bits* school for his new departure. *The Success*, however, makes its boldest bid for favor by means of an elaborate system of awards, founded upon the coupon method, and having for its primary object the increased circulation of the paper. Every one who sends so many coupons cut from the first page of *The Success*, gets a certain sum returned to him in hard cash, and the fortunate sender of the largest number of coupons will be the richer by 1000*l.* at the end of the year. This sort of thing is gradually becoming inevitable in journalism: it only remains to be seen how high the offer can be carried consistently with the financial prosperity of the journal.

It is rumored that Mr. A. C. Harmsworth, the proprietor of *Answers*, will shortly take the field with a new six-penny monthly, modeled upon the successful *Strand Magazine*. It is curious to notice how one competitor after another arises to meet Sir George Newnes, with the result, strangely enough, that the circulation of

The Strand increases steadily from month to month. A little while ago we had *The Windsor*, which, without approaching the high-water mark of *The Strand*, is reported to be doing well. Recently *The Minster*, originally started as an ecclesiastical magazine, has thrown aside its surplice, and appears in the ordinary, popular garb. And now we are to have Mr. Harmsworth. Probably the proprietors of these new papers scarcely realize how much of Sir George Newnes's success is dependent upon the number of periodicals he issues. This factor, however, cannot be overlooked. He is able to advertise each of his publications in about half-a-dozen others without expense, and the projector of a single magazine starts at a great disadvantage. *The Windsor* has been splendidly advertised of late, the streets being brilliant with a striking poster representing "Dr. Nikola" with a black cat upon his shoulder, against a scarlet ground. But *The Strand* is seldom conspicuous upon the hoardings; its proprietor needs no such expensive "puffs." It was stated, by the bye, that Sir George was not unlikely to discontinue *The Westminster Gazette* upon the conclusion of the General Election, but I understand that there is no truth in the report. The admirable cartoons which appeared during the pollings have had their reward, and the paper has experienced a proportionate increase in popularity. It certainly deserves it, for its editor is responsible for more ingenious "booms" than the conductor of any other evening paper.

Sir Henry Irving took leave of his friends on Saturday, before starting for a prolonged tour in America. As usual, he seized the opportunity to give a forecast of his program upon his return, and very well does it promise. "Coriolanus" is to be the most important innovation: how long is it, I wonder, since this play was last seen on London boards? Besides this, Sir Henry has a new piece, adapted from a German source by Mr. W. L. Courtney, the editor of *The Fortnightly Review*, and a play by Mr. Pinero. This last announcement is one of peculiar interest, inasmuch as it has been constantly urged against the manager of the Lyceum that he has given but scant encouragement to contemporary playwrights—a complaint which, it appears, is now to be effectively removed. Nothing has transpired with regard to the character of either of these pieces. Mr. Courtney was in the house on Saturday, and was largely congratulated by his friends upon an announcement which came as a complete surprise to most of the theatrical wiseacres. Mr. Courtney, however, insisted upon putting felicitations smilingly by, remarking, with modest justice, that the time for congratulation came after, not before, the production of the play. There is also to be the long-promised English version of "Madame Sans-Gêne" at the Lyceum, with Miss Ellen Terry in the principal part. Nothing was said of the Napoleon drama, for which Sir Henry Irving was, some time since, supposed to be in training. Apparently the idea has been abandoned.

Carlyle's house in Chelsea has at last been reopened, furnished, as far as was possible, after the fashion of its owner's time. Flocks of visitors have invaded it during the last week, among them Americans innumerable. The general feeling seems to be that the whole scheme is rather pitiable. The household equipment of the Carlyles was simple, almost sordid, and very little save undesirable curiosity is served by the preservation of such poor relics as could, under the circumstances, be collected. However, there is a certain section of the public for whom the hat and walking-stick of a great man have a peculiar charm, and for these the exhibition will not seem without reason.

LONDON, 2 Aug, 1895.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

IN SEVERAL of my letters to *The Critic* I have given facts regarding John G. Whittier, gathered from a personal friend of the poet's, and never before put in type. The other day I made a trip through the haunts of the Merrimac poet, and while there obtained some additional information which I think will be appropriate now, inasmuch as we are nearing the anniversary of Whittier's death. One fact, not generally known, is that Whittier in his early years aspired to be a historian. Somewhere about the thirties, a History of Haverhill, Mass., having upon its title-page the name of Myrick as author, was originally published and sold for fifty or seventy-five cents a volume. To-day it is worth \$6 or \$7 a copy, with none on sale. Yet, if collectors knew that its author was really Whittier, that value, now due to the local demand, would be enhanced. There is no doubt but that Whittier wrote most of the history. At the time of its publication, the young poet was making a struggle to begin his literary life. He was poor, but his natural ability had been discovered by Garrison

and others, who desired him to obtain a liberal education. He was very diffident and distrustful of his own ability. For the *Haverhill Gazette* he would occasionally write under the signature of "Adian," and for the *Free Press*, Garrison's paper printed at Newburyport, under the signature of "Farmer." At that time Mr. Myrick was a clerk in Moses Dow's store, on Main Street, in Haverhill. He possessed a good deal of push and ability, and had some money. The matter of publishing a history of Haverhill had for some time been talked about, and finally Whittier took hold of the enterprise and wrote the work. An advertisement in an old paper of that period, signed by Whittier and calling for material for the proposed work, is one evidence of his connection with it. But it is said by a few local antiquaries, who can vouch for this matter, that the young man did not have the means or the courage to publish the work, and so it was brought out under Myrick's name. It was printed in the *Gazette* office, and the late Mr. Woodard, one of the publishers of the old Haverhill tri-weekly, who set up a part of the type, told a friend now living in Haverhill that the manuscript was mostly in Whittier's handwriting. Besides this evidence, it may be mentioned that when Whittier was once asked if he wrote the history, he replied evasively, "I never claimed its authorship."

Another interesting anecdote of Whittier can now be related for the first time; it illustrates his antipathy to interviewers. There lives to-day in Amesbury a gentleman, Mr. J. T. Clarkson, who possesses the original copy of a manuscript signed "Merri-mac," but written without doubt, as the handwriting shows, by Whittier himself, and referring in a most interesting way to the annoyance the poet felt at the calls of interviewers. It was in 1881 that Mr. Whittier sent the communication to the *Weekly News* of Amesbury, and to one of the gentlemen connected with the paper at that time he spoke about the dislike he felt at having people pounce down upon him on the most flimsy pretexts. Many of them, he said, made themselves so ridiculous as to amuse him. He told of one who, professing great reverence and admiration for the poet, as well as familiarity with his writings, persisted in addressing him as Mr. Whittaker, and who, reciting one of Longfellow's poems, thanked Mr. Whittier for having written it. It was on the occasion of some such ruthless intrusion on his privacy that he gave vent to the following communication, the authorship of which is now for the first time revealed:—

INTERVIEWING

A century ago Pope complained in bitter verse of curious intruders upon his privacy. In view of them he exclaimed, "Tie up the knocker! say I'm sick or dead!" What he would have said of the modern interviewer may well be imagined. It is undoubtedly true that all in whom the public are for some reason or other interested, have to pay the penalty of notoriety. Literary men are especially victimized in this respect. Longfellow is beset by visitors and burdened by letter writers. Our townsman, Mr. Whittier, has his full share of this annoyance. Interviewers find him out, and impertinent descriptions of his incomings and outgoings, and facts, and oftener fancies and misrepresentations, of his private life, habits and opinions, are paraded before the public as if an author's fireside had no sanctity. To a sensitive man, who has never courted notoriety, and who has scrupulously avoided all occasions calculated to attract attention to himself, such gratuitous advertising must be extremely annoying. It is, of course, impossible for him to take public notice of these things, but how he regards them may be understood by some lines of his addressed to a friend congratulating him on printing a volume of poems for private circulation only. We quote from memory:—

"Our social peace is more than fame,
Life withers in the public look.
Why mount the pillory of a book,
And barter comfort for a name?
"Who in a house of glass would dwell
With curious eyes at every pane?
To ring him in and out again,
Who wants the public crier's bale?
"Who for Fame's angel in his way
Would play the ass of Balaam's part,
Bear on his back the wizard Art,
And in his service speak or bray?"

Some of these unwelcome reports of interviews, we have noticed, give a very mixed and incorrect idea of Mr. W.'s whereabouts. We have seen him reported at seaside places and summer resorts which he never has visited, and even at two widely different places at the same time. Some confusion in respect to residence may have arisen from the fact that while he retains his old homestead in this town, where he is a citizen and voter, he has spent a large portion of his time for the last few years at the beautiful home of esteemed relatives in Danvers. It is said that Tenyson has shifted his quarters more than once to escape the impertinences of interviewing curiosity, and it is possible that Mr. W.'s "change of base" may have a similar significance.

MERRIMAC.

And yet, I may add that Mr. Whittier never received a newspaper reporter without courtesy.

BOSTON, 12 Aug. 1895.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

THE DEATH OF Dr. George F. Root, a few days ago, deprives the nation of a composer whose songs have been of vital moment to thousands of his countrymen. To him was given the secret, so hard to discover, of touching the hearts of the people—a secret which enabled him to communicate to civilians and soldiers alike the thrill of his own patriotism. Even in these peaceful days, few of us can hear his war-songs—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "The Battle-Cry of Freedom," "Rally Round the Flag, Boys"—without some quickening of the blood. And we can imagine what they meant to the army for which they were written. The earliest of the war-songs, "The First Gun is Fired, May God Protect the Right," was the product of his brain, which was prolific all through those stirring years. "The Battle-Cry of Freedom" was first sung by the Lombard brothers at a war meeting held in the court-house square in this city soon after hostilities were begun; and from there it was taken up and repeated all over the country. It is impossible to measure the influence of a martial song like this, but in days when the nation was tense with excitement, such an appeal was potent enough to stimulate men to action. Here Dr. Root was always held in the highest esteem, and the feeling for him was made evident last spring, when he himself sang one of his songs at a war-concert at the Auditorium, and the great audience rose to its feet and cheered him.

An amusing controversy has been taking place between the Postmaster of Chicago and the editor of the *Times-Herald*; and the latter, after some vigorous preliminary skirmishing, carried the war into Africa, and returned triumphant. The disagreement arose from the fact that for two months or more the paper mentioned has been printing puzzles—dissected portraits of politicians, actors, soldiers and celebrities of many kinds. Prizes in the shape of five-dollar gold pieces, and the omnipotent bicycle, were offered for correct solutions of these puzzles, and the genial editor was congratulating himself upon increasing the circulation of his journal and educating the masses at one and the same time. Every Sunday morning the city was absorbed and breathless until it had worked out the *Herald* puzzle; and the excitement increased week by week until the list of correct answers covered nearly two pages of the paper. All was serenity and happiness, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, came the Postmaster full tilt into the erstwhile peaceful arena. His charge was that the gentle editor was conducting a nefarious lottery, thereby depriving families of bread, so intense was the desire to procure copies of the wicked sheet. The city shall be no longer corrupted, thundered this worthy Sir Knight; I rise to protect the starving women and children. And without more ado the use of the mails for circulating the iniquitous puzzle was prohibited. Thereupon fire flashed from the eye of Mr. Kohlsaat, and the clash of arms resounded through the startled city. The editor retorted by accusing his antagonist of attempting to punish him for some criticism of the Postmaster's conduct printed in his paper. He proceeded at once to the front at Washington, seeking to have the obnoxious ruling reversed, and professing a commendable desire to abide by the spirit of the law. Victory perched upon his banners. Inasmuch as merit is a factor in the awards, the public will continue to be edified by the mutilated portraits which educate youth and enlighten old age.

Anderson Hoyt Hopkins has been appointed Assistant Librarian of the Crerar Scientific Library, of which Clement W. Andrews is chief. Mr. Hopkins was graduated from the University of Michigan with the class of 1887, having worked his way through the college by assisting the Librarian and by teaching physics in the Ann Arbor High-School. After finishing his course, he accepted a position in the college library, which he has retained until now. He has written papers and pamphlets about the administration of libraries, and has had so much experience in cataloguing and the practical management of books, that his help will be valuable in organizing the new collection. The Crerar Library has leased a floor of the Marshall Field building, at Wabash Avenue and Washington Street, which it will occupy for the present. The question of a permanent site has not yet been settled.

Otis Skinner has returned to Chicago to prepare for the opening of his season early in September. He has a new play which promises to be interesting, though the identity of the author may only be guessed at through the information that he is a writer of distinction. The play is called "Villon, the Vagabond," and is founded upon the career of that graceless rogue and exquisite poet. The contrast between his life and his art was essentially dramatic, and if this play expresses it with sufficient incisiveness and delicacy,

as Stevenson expressed it for example in "A Lodging for the Night," it will be delightful. But there is only one Stevenson, and Villon needs a light touch.

A huge show building is being constructed near the old Fair grounds at 63rd Street. It will cover eight acres of ground and seat 16,000 people. The design, by S. S. Beman, is simple and good, and provides for a tall, well-proportioned tower. The enormous amphitheatre is susceptible of many changes in size and appointments, and may be adapted to almost any kind of exhibition. Buffalo Bill, Barnum & Bailey, and the Kiralfy spectacles, will be seen here, and there will be horse and cattle shows, circuses, bicycle tournaments and skating carnivals within the walls. The projectors call it the Coliseum, and hope that it will be the scene of political conventions. It will probably do for us much of the work which Madison Square Garden does for New York.

CHICAGO, 13 Aug., 1895,

LUCY MONROE.

The Lounger

I WAS MUCH interested in an article on the English weeklies, by Mr. G. W. Smalley, which appeared in last Sunday's *Herald*, particularly as I had read an article on Mr. Smalley in one of them only a short time before. I turned at once to the paragraph in which Mr. Smalley characterized *The Speaker*, for it was in that journal that I had seen Mr. Smalley characterized. Let me quote from Mr. Smalley first:—"I have not left much space for this newest of the weeklies, but as much as it deserves, or more. This paper at its birth was heralded, as is the custom with new off-springs of journalism, with a loud flourish of trumpets, or shall I say a loud cackle of the egg-producing fowl?" Great names were invoked, continues Mr. Smalley; and Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley and Mr. E. L. Godkin did contribute an article or two. Eminent Frenchmen, Germans, and, for aught Mr. Smalley knows, Patagonians, were "to illumine the affairs of their own countries for the benefit of the readers of this cockney periodical." But few English readers seemed to "set a value on their magic-lantern performances, or indeed on *The Speaker* itself." Its constituency, we are told, is a "painfully small one," it "has never thriven, whether commercially or intellectually," it is "a party organ, a party hack." Sir Wemyss Reid is the editor—"one of the most industrious and least lively of extant Englishmen; in short, dull." Mr. Smalley assures us that he has "not seen a number of this sheet" since he left England. This latter statement relieves him of any charge that the unkind might bring against him, of "getting even" with *The Speaker*.

I CONFESS THAT I had thought that there might be a little personal feeling at the back of Mr. Smalley's bitterness, but his assurance that he has not seen a copy of *The Speaker* since he left England would seem to set aside all doubt on this score. I see *The Speaker* quite regularly, and in its issue of July 13, I read a review of Mr. Smalley's latest book, "Studies of Men." I shall now quote some of the reviewer's opinions of the book and its author:—

"This is a very ambitious title of a very pretentious book. Mr. Smalley's letters, collected chiefly from the New York *Tribune*, are for the most part the readable stuff which a London correspondent who knows his business can write by the yard. 'Studies' they are not, for, if they deserved that distinction, they would possess a range of political and literary knowledge which is quite beyond Mr. Smalley's sphere. An American with nominally democratic ideas, he is more Tory than the Tories, a fanatical champion of the House of Lords and quite Bismarckian in his dislike of representative institutions. * * * Mr. Smalley is not more successful in his excursions into literature. * * * He says that Tennyson was lucid, and Browning was not. Another notable discovery is that 'a sense of proportion is a condition of good writing and sound criticism.' It is to illustrate this truth, no doubt, that Mr. Smalley assigns so much space to the food and clothing of the eminent. He is sorry that he cannot give his 'craving American public' a 'psychological study' of Mrs. Humphry Ward; but he can tell them what Tyndall ate and Jowett wore. * * * It is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. Smalley is as poor a judge of flippancy as he is of history or statesmanship; otherwise he would never have remarked in his article on Spurgeon, 'of course I don't suggest any parallel between the two men, Christ and Spurgeon, except that they were both men.' The bare disclaimer of such a suggestion is a sufficient definition of Mr. Smalley's intelligence and taste."

THIS IS NOT a very brilliant attack, I admit, but, on the other hand, if Mr. Smalley had seen it, it might account for his somewhat hostile attitude toward *The Speaker*. After all, the question seems to be one of politics. *The Speaker* is a Liberal organ, and

Mr. Smalley is a Tory Squire, if we are to believe Mr. Godkin. He is, however, an entertaining correspondent, and his letters are sadly missed from the columns of the *Tribune*.

FROM LOS ANGELES, CAL., Mr. De Witt C. Lockwood sends me, with appropriate animadversions upon the advertiser's execrable taste, the following paragraph culled from a local journal:—"Readers of the beautiful story of 'Ramona' will recollect that immediately after her marriage with Alessandro misfortune drove them from place to place. First from Señora Moreno's house to the cañon; later from Temecula, San Pasquale, and finally to the mountains, where, after Alessandro's death, she was found by Felipe and taken back to her early home. During all these years of wandering and privation Ramona always carried her laces and bits of finery and clothing in a medium-sized, compactly built trunk. This trunk, strangely enough, was recently discovered by a party of relic hunters in San Diego County, at one of the old Spanish ranches, and in a fair state of preservation. The tin label near the lock revealed the fact that the trunk was manufactured by ———, Spring St., Los Angeles."

Mr. HAMILTON W. MABIE is a much more astute judge of literature than I am. I should hardly have given the \$2000 prize to Miss Wilkins's story, "The Long Arm." To my mind it has not a hundredth part of the cleverness of either of her two volumes of short stories. It begins well and holds the attention as tenaciously as the most exacting editor could desire, but when it comes to the motive, it utterly fails. A woman wants a much stronger reason for committing a cold-blooded, brutal murder than Phoebe Dole had. I don't see how any one could read the story and not be disappointed in its ending. I hope for the sake of her art that Miss Wilkins will give us more "Humble Romances" and fewer "Long Arms" in the future.

I REMEMBER READING, some time ago, that, although Mark Twain had a beautiful library in his house at Hartford, he did his writing in an unfurnished room in his stable. There were too many distractions for the eye in his library, while in the stable, with no other furniture than a deal table and a chair, he could get his mind down to work. Some time ago I saw a picture of "Mr. Howells at Work." It represented him sitting in a sumptuously furnished apartment beside a massive carved oak table. I called upon him one day, and at once recognized the room. "This is your workroom," said I, "I recognize it from the picture." "This is the room of the picture," he replied, "but it is not my workroom. That is a very unpretentious little room at the back of the house. It gets the sunshine, however, and is a pleasant enough room, though it would not look well in a picture." Here was the Mark Twain thing again: a sumptuous library, but a simple workroom. My faith in the workrooms of distinguished authors has been severely shaken since these discoveries. Now I begin to think that Zola does not work in that ornate, overloaded library in which he is represented sitting in a high-backed chair beside an enormous writing-table, almost lost behind a huge ornamental inkstand. And as for Pierre Loti, he never could work surrounded by such Oriental magnificence as he is pictured amid. I dare say that, if the truth were known, both of these authors have simple little dens, out in a stable or at the back of the house, where they do their work. But when the interviewer comes along he induces them to be photographed in the room that will most impress the public.

IT IS ONLY a few years since most of us looked down on the bicycle—figuratively speaking only, for in those days the wheel was Cyclopean in size. Now that we look down upon it literally, our mental attitude has changed. The literary man who doesn't ride a wheel to-day is conspicuous by his scarcity. Tolstol is said to be an ardent cyclist; Zola, too, has taken to the wheel. The latest cartoon from Paris pictures the Pope throned upon the hall in which the Immortals hold their meetings, and Minerva seated upon the Academy's Dictionary, holding her nose to keep out the evil odor of the romancer's works which lie scattered along the road; while Zola himself, spinning away from Leo and Minerva, exclaims:—"Since the Academy refuses a *fauteuil*, I am just as well off on my bicycle." And so, in sooth, he is. On one of his rides he will probably meet Mr. Godkin of *The Evening Post*, who is cycling with his wife in France. Should he cross the Channel, he would perhaps encounter President Low of Columbia, who with Mrs. Low is cycling in England. For myself,

I look forward to no greater recreation than a holiday on the smooth roads of the Mother Country. My only fear is that I shall have worn out my Columbia when the time comes for a trip abroad. Blessed be the name of the man who invented the bike! May he have an eternity of riding in the next world on an 1895 machine!

* * *

I HAVE A SUGGESTION to make to Mr. Bok. Why not follow his series, "The Unknown Wives of Well-Known Husbands," with one on "The Unknown Husbands of Well-known Wives"? Perhaps the tireless editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal* has thought of this, but decided that the series would be too long.

* * *

"A DIALECT LOVER" writes to me from St. Louis:—"It is somewhat surprising to find Mrs. Humphry Ward tripping in her technique—guilty of a blunder which we are accustomed to meet and excuse in writers of a lower grade. In 'The Story of Bessie Costrell,' Bessie, contemplating self-destruction, writes a farewell letter to her husband. She writes it 'with infinite difficulty'—holding match after match in her left hand—she scrawled a few blotted lines on a torn piece of paper. She was a poor scholar and the toil was great." A little further on the letter is quoted verbatim, and, strange, to say, we find Bessie writing the precise dialect which she speaks. Not this alone, but she appears to be an expert dialect writer, equal in every respect to Mrs. Ward herself. Her capitals are not misplaced; her punctuation is faultless; and when she drops her *g*'s and *h*'s (which she often does), we find her considerably replacing the dropped letter with an apostrophe! This, to be sure, is a small flaw in a splendid composition, but it is one which blurs and even—to a sensitive reader—destroys the impression of reality so well sustained up to that point."

Drake and Halleck

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

How could Mr. Stoddard write of Halleck and Drake and their beautiful friendship, without quoting the following from Halleck's verses on the death of his friend?

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

Or how could he give such warm praise to Drake's lyric, "The American Flag," without reminding the reader that the last four lines—the best in the poem—were by Halleck:—

"Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us?
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner floating o'er us!"

These were substituted for the following tame and heavy lines by Drake:—

"And fixed as yonder orb divine,
That saw thy bannered blaze unfurled,
Shall thy proud stars resplendent shine,
The guard and glory of the world."

At least so says my (Bradford Club) edition of "The Croakers."
BUFFALO, 12 Aug., 1895. IRVING BROWNE.

Death and the Duchess

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

An account of the late Jennie A. Cornwall Beals, who in 1882 married Ercole Tamajo, Duke of Castelluccia, in Rome, appeared the other day in a city daily. It stated that after the Duchess became a widow, she wrote a poem on the death of her husband. The first stanza of this poem, as given in the account, reads as follows:—

"I said to Death's uplifted hand,
Aim sure, oh! why delay?
Thou wilt not find a truant heart,
A weak, reluctant prey;
For the spirit that sustains
This last severe distress
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
Scorning—redress."

The remaining four stanzas of this alleged "poem" are the sheerest nonsense—one of the couplets being a sufficient sample:

"By those who suffer most is ill expressed
The indistinctness of the suffering breast."

Now let us see where the Duchess obtained the smattering of sense that appears in the first stanza, though it is badly mangled from the original.

Lavinia Stone, who married a man named Stoddard, was born in 1787, in Guilford, Conn. She was a woman of good gifts, and deserved a better fate than she found. Her husband seems to have been extremely unlucky, or unpardonably shiftless; he dragged her from place to place in search of a living, and finally died and left her in utter poverty, among strangers, in Alabama. Toil, poverty, homelessness and widowhood with several children were more than she could bear, and she died in despair at the early age of thirty-three. She had written several poems, of more than common originality and earnestness; but only one keeps her in remembrance—probably the last she wrote. It may be found complete in Harper's collection of poetry edited by Epes Sargent just before his death. Two of the stanzas run as follows:—

"I said to Friendship's menaced blow,
'Strike deep—my heart shall bear;
Thou can't but add one bitter woe
To those already there;
Yet still the spirit that sustains
This last severe distress
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
And scorn redress."

"I said to Death's uplifted dart,
'Aim sure! oh, why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart,
A weak, reluctant prey;
For still the spirit firm and free,
Unruffled by dismay,
Wrapt in its own serenity
Shall pass away."

Poor Lavinia Stone suffered enough in her brief life to be allowed to keep her one poor laurel undisputed. It should not be plucked from her grave seventy-five years after her death, even by a Duchess.
E. A.

The Canadian Copyright Question

A NUMBER of prominent New York publishers, among them Messrs. George Haven Putnam, W. W. Appleton and Frank Dodd, have been interviewed by the *Tribune* (Aug. 14) anent the Canadian copyright complication and its relation to and possible effects on the author and the American publisher. Another publisher, who asked that his name be not used, as "he had no time to enter upon a controversy over a matter susceptible of proof," stated the facts of the case as follows:—

"Since there is not an adequate sale of books in Canada, it is reasonable to infer that some of the influences behind the Canadian act are striving to obtain the power to make pirated editions which will be circulated in this country by various obscure agencies, in the hope that these badly made books, upon which no payment or a lower payment is made to the author, will take the place of copyrighted books in our market. That it is such a sale in America and not a sale in Canada alone which is the object in view is indicated by various circulars and letters sent from Canada which are in the possession of New York publishers. It should be added, however, that our law will be strictly enforced in the way of protection. It is to be hoped, in the interests and the rights of authors and of fair play, that Canada will not force us to establish an elaborate literary custom-house system which would have to assume the herculean task of keeping in mind the titles of all copyrighted books and watching the whole vast boundary line.

"To support his position," continues the paper, "the publisher gave to the reporter a copy of the circular sent out by T. Langton of Toronto, Canada, as late as May 8 of the present year, wherein the sender points to an 'inclosed list of books which are very popular in Canada, most of them by American authors, and are high-priced books in the United States. Owing to a recent decision by the Attorney-General these books are now allowed to be imported into the United States. I will allow you a discount of 40 per cent. off the prices quoted, and will pay the postage on a liberal order. Cash to accompany the order.' Such is the wording of the circular, which is one of many, and among the books on the list are all of E. P. Roe's novels, Gen. Lew Wallace's 'Ben Hur' and 'A Fair God,' Mark Twain's 'Innocents Abroad,' 'A Tramp Abroad' and 'Tom Sawyer,' and others, all in the 30-cent list of pocket editions. There is also to be noted a cloth-bound edition of 'Ben Hur' and of the books noted from the pen of Mark Twain, and Marian Harland's 'Eve's Daughters,' price \$1. Knock

off 40 per cent. and the postage, and some idea is to be gathered of the cost of production and the consequent degree of finish attained in the art of book-making. These circulars are sent to booksellers, who in turn flood the publishers of this country with queries to learn whether the books so secretly advertised can be sold in the United States."

To Subscribers

At an expense of several hundred dollars we have had our subscription-list reset from new type, considerably larger than the old, which had become defaced by many years of use. The change will facilitate the prompt and regular delivery of the paper. In effecting it, however, errors have doubtless been made, and we should be glad to hear at once from any subscriber whose name, address or date of expiration is incorrectly printed on the next number that reaches him.

Educational Notes

THE ANNUAL REPORT of Howard University, the institution for colored students at Washington, shows the attendance, last year, of 587 students, from forty-two States, the West Indies and Central America, among them being thirty-nine students of theology, 200 of medicine, and thirty-nine of law. The curriculum includes, also, music and different trades. The institution is maintained partly by the national Government and the American Missionary Association. Its President is Dr. J. E. Rankin.

Miss Regina Lewis of London, Ont., has received the degrees of M. D. and C. M. from the medical faculty of Bishop's College, Montreal. She is the first woman in the history of education in Canada to do so.

George Stevens, LL.D., Ph. D., Professor of English Language and Literature at the University of Copenhagen, died in that city on Aug. 10. He was born in Liverpool in 1813, settled in Stockholm after his marriage, and began his career studying the origins of English in the folk-tales and literature of Scandinavia. His connection with the University of Copenhagen began in 1851. The long list of his works includes "Old Northern Runic Monuments of Scandinavia and England"; "Ruthwell Cross, A.D., 680, with its Runic Verses"; and "Macbeth, Earl Siward and Dundee: a Contribution to Scottish History from the Rune-Finds of Scandinavia." In his earlier years he published, also, a melodrama and a volume of verse.

The recent Geographical Congress at London is regarded as the most interesting gathering of learned men held in that city in many years, owing, principally, to the presence of so many of the great explorers of our day.

The fund for the erection of a new building for the Staten Island Academy has now reached \$30,000. The institution was founded in 1884, and was chartered in the following year by the Regents of the University of the State of New York. The full courses cover a period of eleven school years, and are so arranged that the student may obtain either an adequate business education or a thorough preparation for the university. The Academy possesses an excellent library, partly the gift of Mr. and Mrs. William Winter of New Brighton.

St. Paul's American Institute at Tarsus, Asia Minor, was recently attacked by a Turkish mob, which maltreated the students and threatened the missionaries. The school was founded several years ago by the late Elliott F. Shepard, and has about 125 students. Its head for the last three years has been the Rev. Dr. T. D. Christie, a veteran of our Civil War.

Joseph Derenbourg, a famous Orientalist, whose specialty was the Hebrew language and archaeology, died recently at Paris, in his eighty-fourth year.

W. R. B. writes from Short Hills, N. J.:—"How many persons who read 'A Certificate granted at Yale in 1783,' quoted in a letter of your Boston correspondent (Aug. 10), will believe it to be genuine? The phrase 'Yale University' stamps it as a fraud; and the stamp becomes deeper when, in the next paragraph, the 'university' slumps down into a 'college.' There was never a 'Yale University' until recent years; and I doubt if a President of Yale ever made his throne in the 'College Library' on examination days."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have added to their Students' Series of Standard Poetry, Tennyson's "In Memoriam," prepared by Dr. W. J. Rolfe, the editor of the Series, and containing a

portrait and sketch of Arthur Henry Hallam, in whose memory the poem was written. The same house will publish during the coming school year eighteen numbers of the Riverside Literature Series, among them "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" and "Twice-Told Tales"; and a companion volume to "Masterpieces of American Literature," devoted to "Masterpieces of English Literature," taken from the works of Ruskin, Macaulay, Dr. John Brown, Tennyson, Dickens, Wordsworth, Burns, Lamb, Coleridge, Byron, Cowper, Gray, Addison, Steele, Milton and Bacon, with a biographical sketch and a portrait of each.

Notes

"A SOCIAL HIGHWAYMAN," the story of a young New Yorker who robbed his wealthy friends, will be played at the Garrick this fall. Mr. Mansfield read the story in last month's *Lippincott's*, and decided at once to dramatize it and play the part of the valet. He has accepted a dramatization, by Miss Mary Stone of this city, of Mr. Weyman's "House of the Wolf."

—J. B. Lippincott Co. announce to be ready for Sedan Day—whose 25th anniversary (Sept. 1) is to be made a special festival by Germans the world over,—"The American in Paris," a biographical novel by Dr. Eugene Coleman Savidge, author of "The Life and Times of Brewster." Dr. Savidge has made a comprehensive picture of the military and diplomatic phases of the Franco-Prussian war, including the battle of Sedan and the siege and Commune of Paris, weaving them into a romance which throws into prominence, not only the figures, but the actual utterances of Bismarck, Moltke, William I., Napoleon III., Eugénie, Thiers, Favre, Gambetta, MacMahon, Bazaine, Louis Michel, and the Americans, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Washburne. The account is said to be impartial as between two nations, but "vigorously American in outlining the vital—yet unrealized—influence the United States had upon this conflict."

—Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's summer holiday—the first he has had for a long while—will extend to the end of December. On the first of that month, Longmans, Green & Co. will publish in book-form his latest romance, "The Red Cockade," recently printed in *Harper's Weekly*.

—Longmans, Green & Co.'s list of new and forthcoming books includes "Mind and Motion and Monism," by the late George John Romanes; "Lectures on the Principles of Political Obligation," by Thomas Hill Green, with a preface by Bernard Bosanquet; "A Primer of Evolution," by Edward Clodd; "Fallacies of Race Theories as Applied to National Characteristics," by William Dalton Babington; "The Tenth Muse, and Other Poems," by Sir Edwin Arnold; "Gallica, and Other Essays," by James Henry Hallard; "England's Responsibility Towards Armenia," by the Rev. Malcolm MacColl; "British Birds," by W. H. Hudson, in the Outdoor World series; a third series of "Letters to Young Shooters," on wild-fowl, etc., by Sir Ralph Payne-Gallway, Bart.; and "Sea Fishing," by John Bickerdyke, "Billiards," by Major W. Broadfoot, R. E., and "Dancing," by Mrs. Lilly Grove, in the Badminton Library.

—Sir Walter Besant's latest novel, "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice," is to be published on the Continent in the Tauchnitz Library, instead of in the English Library, in which most of his recent novels have appeared. A new story from his pen, "The Master Craftsman," will be published serially in *Chambers's Journal*.

—D. Appleton & Co. will be the American publishers of Dr. Conan Doyle's "Stark Monroe Letters" and Anthony Hope's new romance of adventure, "The Chronicles of Count Antonio."

—Miss Amy Ella Blanchard and Miss Ida Waugh have in preparation a new book, to be ready for the holidays. Miss Blanchard was the author and Miss Waugh the illustrator, it will be remembered, of "Holly Berries," one of the prettiest and most popular of American juveniles.

—There is no other European capital which is so little known as Constantinople, with its multiplicity of races, languages and religions, and the peculiar, complicated variety of its history. Gen. Lew Wallace and Prof. Grosvenor worked over the city together through years, the former to collect material for "The Prince of India," the latter for the preparation of a book on "Constantinople," to be published by Roberts Bros., which will picture the City of the Golden Horn in all its phases and moods.

—Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling and Mme. Modjeska were booked to sail on Aug. 14 for New York from Southampton.

—Messrs. Albert and Rudolf Brockhaus, who, for fifteen and six years respectively, have been partners in the well-known Leipzig publishing-house, are about to succeed their parents, Dr. Eduard and Rudolph, in the active management of the business. The retiring members have served forty-one and thirty-two years respectively. Mr. F. A. Brockhaus will remain in the firm.

—Christian Bernard von Tauchnitz, the famous Leipzig publisher, noted among English-speaking people for his Collection of British Authors, died on Wednesday, at the age of seventy-nine. He was the founder of the house. In recognition of his services in spreading the knowledge of literature, he received the title of Baron from the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and the King of Saxony, and was made a member of the House of Peers of Saxony. He was appointed British Consul-General for the Kingdom of Saxony in 1872. His eldest son, Christian Charles Bernard, born May 29, 1841, became associated with his father's house in 1866, being also British Vice-Consul.

—Mr. J. M. Barrie has taken a house in Gloucester Road, South Kensington, and proposes to make London his permanent home.

—In the September *Forum* Mr. Frederic Harrison will conclude his series of articles on the great Victorian writers, with a critical estimate of "George Eliot's Place in Literature." His intimate acquaintance with George Eliot gives this paper an unusual interest. To the same number Mr. R. H. Hutton, editor of the London *Spectator*, will contribute an appreciative criticism on "Professor Huxley," and Prof. Cesare Lombroso, author of "Delinquent Man," "The Female Offender," etc., a notable article entitled "Criminal Anthropology: Its Origin and Application," describing the author's "discovery" of the science to which he has given the name of Criminology, and explaining the application of his theory.

—The *Badminton Magazine* is the name of a new monthly devoted to sports and pastimes, published by Longmans, Green & Co. Among the contents of the first (August) number are papers on golf, tarpon-fishing in Florida, the Alpine "Distress Signal" scheme, "Hard Wickets" and "Old Sporting Prints."

—The *Mid-Continent Magazine*, which circulated especially in the Southern States, will cease publication with the August issue. Its subscription list and "goodwill" have been made over to *Scribner's Magazine*, the September number of which will contain the first authentic account of Conkling's famous arraignment of Garfield, in the presence of Platt and Arthur, in the Riggs House in Washington. This promises to be one of the most interesting chapters in President Andrews's "History." Alexander Black's picture-play, "Miss Jerry," will be printed with a series of thirty-three illustrations (see *The Critic* of 13 Oct., 1894). Dr. Henry Van Dyke describes a fishing trip to Canada; and Judge Grant discusses "The Case of Man."

—Among the topics discussed at the twelfth annual meeting of the National Newsdealers' Convention, which met in Brooklyn on Aug. 13, were "The selling of periodicals and magazines by the big establishments at cut rates"; "the existing postal laws," which are considered unjust by the dealers; and "the general organization of the newspaper trade in the United States and Canada."

—Frank M. Pixley, the well-known founder of the San Francisco *Argonaut*, died on Aug. 11. He was one of the few surviving "Forty-Niners," and exerted throughout his long life a powerful influence on the political affairs of California.

—The seventh annual conference of the American Library Association met at Denver on Aug. 13, with 100 delegates in attendance. President Utely of Detroit read the annual address. A letter from a London member of the Association, recommending the holding of an international conference in London in 1897, was read and referred to a committee.

—The endowment funds of the Tilden trust and the Astor and Lenox Libraries, now in the hands of Mr. Edward King, the Treasurer of the consolidated New York Public Library, amount to \$3,500,000. This sum does not include real estate, buildings, books or furniture—nothing but invested funds. About \$2,000,000 of this amount is all that is left of the Tilden trust fund. According to Mr. Andrew H. Green, a trustee of the Tilden estate, the transfer of this sum "affects in no way the legal proceedings still in progress" in the case.

—In his latest "Talk Over Autographs" in the August *Atlantic*, Mr. Birkbeck Hill tells the following anecdote of the self-sufficient Martin F. Tupper:—"A slight but amusing instance of his vanity was told me by a friend of mine, who was taking part in

the election of the representatives to Parliament of the University of Oxford, Tupper, who had come up to vote with an air of importance, had given in his name. The official, not catching it, asked him to repeat it. With great dignity, but yet with a certain plaintive tone, as if such a question should not have had to be put to so famous a man, he deliberately said, 'Martin Farquhar Tupper, the poet.'" Mr. Hill says, also, that in his undergraduate days he once heard Swinburne tell Tupper that he had seen a book advertised with the title, "The Poet, the Proverbialist and the Philosopher; or, Selections from the Writings of Solomon, Shakespeare and Martin F. Tupper." "Of such a selection and such a title," says Mr. Hill, "Tupper would have been quite capable."

—Mr. J. O. Wright, the well-known expert in old books, is making the catalogue of Mr. Robert Hoe's library. He has been engaged upon the work for two years, and it will take at least three years more to complete it. When the catalogue is printed, it will fill five volumes of the size of Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors."


—Mr. W. M. Rossetti writes to *The Athenaeum* that he is preparing a volume of his sister's poems as yet unpublished. Of these there is a large number, and many of them he thinks quite as good as the average of those which she did publish. The poems will be arranged in order of date, and he is adding some notes. Messrs. Macmillan will publish the volume, probably in the forthcoming autumn. They will also publish a Christina Rossetti "Birthday Book," compiled by Mr. Rossetti's oldest daughter, Olivia.

—The Philadelphia *Press* declares *The Critic* to be its "most pleasing weekly visitor."

—Max Nordau has always refused to allow himself to be "nailed to a specialty." He told Mr. R. H. Sherard, the other day, the reason why he wrote "Degeneration" was that he was sick of always hearing himself spoken of as the author of "The Conventional Lies of our Civilization." Now that he is being spoken of universally as the author of "Degeneration," he is writing a novel—his third,—and will not write the philosophical work which he has in his head until he has disassociated himself from the specialty of philosophical writing. Mr. Sherard says that Dr. Nordau "lives a very quiet, simple life with his mother and sister, whom he has entirely supported since he was sixteen years old. He takes pleasure in nothing but work, and neither drinks, smokes, nor goes out into society. He speaks English, French, Italian, German and Hungarian with equal fluency, and can converse in Russian, Spanish and the Scandinavian languages. He is, moreover, an urbane and most amiable man." His hours for literary work are from 8.30 P. M. till midnight.

Publications Received

- Bates, Mrs. L. W. Bunch-Grass Stories. \$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co.
Boston Picture Book. Boston, Mass.: Irving P. Fox.
Bowers, James L. Notes on Shippo. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.
Caine, Hall. The Bondman. Rand, McNally & Co.
Clark, George H. Oliver Cromwell. Illust. Harper & Bros.
Denison, Charles. Exercise and Food for Pulmonary Invalids. 35c.
Denver, Col.: Chain & Hardy Co.
Dowle, M. M. Gallia. 50c.
Duchess, The. The Red House. J. B. Lippincott Co.
Evans, Augusta J. Macaria. Rand, McNally & Co.
Evans, Augusta J. Ioes. G. W. Dillingham.
Fletcher, J. S. When Charles the First Was King. \$1.50. G. W. Dillingham.
Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Graduate Courses. 1895-96. 25c. Macmillan & Co.
Hillhouse, Mansfield L. Storm-Ring. 50c. G. W. Dillingham.
Hopkins, E. W. The Religions of India. Vol. I. Ed. by M. Jastrow. Ginn & Co.
Johnson, E. Pauline. The White Wampum. \$1.50. Boston: Lamson, Wolfe & Co.
Kuphal, Otto. Idiomatic Study of German. First Series. New York: Geo. Gottsberger Peck.
Lane, Frederick H. Elementary Greek Education. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.
Mace, W. H. Working Manual of American History. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.
Monist, The. Vol. V. \$3. Chicago: Open Court Pub'g Co.
Morgan, Thomas J. Potriotic Citizenship. \$1. American Book Co.
Morier, James. Hajji Daba of Ispahan. Ed. by W. E. Henley. 2 vols. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.
New, Clarence H. Franc Elliott. 50c. G. W. Dillingham.
Pemberton, Max. The Little Huguenot. 75c. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Picard, W. L. Under the War Flags of 1861. \$1.50. Louisville, Ky.: Chas. T. Dearing.
Robinson, C. N. The Viol of Love. \$1.50. Boston: Lamson, Wolfe & Co.
Somerset, H. Somers. The Land of the Muskeg. \$4. J. B. Lippincott Co.
Stock Exchange Values. 1895-96. London: Elingham Wilson.
Steamer, Volney. What Makes a Friend? \$1.25. Boston: Lamson, Wolfe & Co.
Steamer, Volney. In Friendship's Name. \$1.25. Boston: Lamson, Wolfe & Co.
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